

A N  
E S S A Y  
U P O N  
P A S T O R A L :  
As also an  
E L E G Y

Dedicated to the  
Ever Blessed Memory  
Of Her most Serene Majesty  
MARY the Second,  
Queen of ENGLAND.

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By the Honourable EDWARD HOWARD.

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----- *non si quid turbida Roma*  
*Eleves, accedas : examenve improbum in illa*  
*Castiges trutina, nec te quæsieris extra.*  
*Nam Romæ quis non ?*                      *Perfius.*

----- He more fears (like a presuming Man)  
Their Votes who cannot Judge, than theirs who can.  
( *Epilogue to Aurenge-Zebe.* )

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for R. Simpson at the Harp in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1695.

Printed for R. Zimpfer at the Hay in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1695.

To the Right Honorable  
**ELIZABETH,**  
 Countess Dowager of Northumberland

M A D A M,

**V**IRTUE and *Innocence*, those two Glorious  
 Particles of Divinity, have no Refuge but  
 under the *Shadow* of the Almighty, at  
 least from the indulgent Care of the *Favourites* of  
 Heaven: The Consideration of which, emboldens  
 me at this time to address my self to your Ladyship.

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship, to the immortal Glory of your  
 Name, has in so conspicuous a manner evidenced  
 to the World, during the whole course of your  
 Life, such a constant Perseverance in Piety, and so  
 great a Delight in Good Works, that you have  
 surpassed even the *Very Vestals* of old; and who, by  
 reason of the many excellent Graces of your Face,  
 and Ornaments of your Mind, may worthily claim  
 a Preference to the whole Race of your Beauteous  
 Sex.

M A D A M,

*Innocence*, without a Guardian-Angel, wou'd re-  
 main liable to every sudden and light Temptation;  
 wherefore, in not Dedicating to your Ladyship this  
*Pastoral Essay* (in the which I have endeavoured to

E D M U N D H O W A R D . set



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

set forth *Virtue* and *Innocence* in their *Genuine* and *Native Dresses*) I should have been guilty of an *Impiety* against *Heaven*: So that since *Religion* commands this *Respect* from me on the one hand, I have little or no *Reason* to doubt but that your *Ladyship's Goodness* will pardon my *Presumption* on the other.

M A D A M,

Every single *Action* of your *Life*, and every distinct *Virtue* of your *Mind* (so immense is the *Greatness* of your *Soul*) do each of them afford *Matter* sufficient to frame a *Panegyrick* not inferior to that of *Pliny's* upon the *Emperour Trajan*: I myself, as little as I have either of the *Poet* or the *Orator*, could expatiate very much upon so vast a *Subject* as the *Countess of Northumberland*. But, because I know your *Ladyship* (like to the *Late Pious Queen*) loves not to hear a *Rehearsal* of *Praises* upon your own *Person*, I shall therefore, with a kind of *Reluctancy*, put a stop to my *Pen*, entreating only the *Favour* of your *Ladyship*, to receive this *Essay* into your *Protection*, and to admit it to have a *Place* in your *Closet*; in whose hands, I am well assured it will be secure from the *Envy* and *Malice* of the meaner *Crowd*; and by the granting of which *Request*, your *Ladyship* will greatly *Oblige*, and highly *Honour*, him who is, with a profound *Zeal*,

M A D A M,

Your *Ladyship's* most *Humble* and  
*Devoted Nephew and Servant,*

EDWARD HOWARD.



THE PROEM.

I Have often wondered with my self; what it should be that might cause so many delicate Palates to relish so well the musty Poets of Antiquity, (whenas we have so many accurate Wits of our own) and truly, all the Resolution that ever I could come to in this matter is, That it is natural for the People of this Isle to be delighted with any thing that is Foreign. What a goodly number of honest, well-meaning Folks, Old and Young, Gray-hairs and Big-bellies, trudg'd along the Street the other day, to behold an Indian Prince, taken Captive, and brought over by our Merchants! and truly, if instead of his Highness there had been a Monster, the Brute would have had the same Admirers: the which light Humour of the People may not unsuly serve for an Emblem of their Inconstancy.

Virgil, in the Ninth Eclogue of his Bucolicks, makes a heavy Complaint, that his Muse could not please two great Wits of Rome, namely, Varus and Cinna, saying in this sad Ditty,

Nam neque adhuc Varo videor nec dicere Cinna  
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

Where Virgil jests pretty freely with himself: and in good truth, how well soever he might think of the Issues of his Brain, yet that Virgil was a Poet altogether unblameable, and without fault, is what no Man can believe that shall read Monsieur Rapin's Comparison between Him and Homer. What are all the Georgicks of Virgil but a meer heap of Earth and Dung, fit only to be read by Drovers,

## The PROEM.

and Ploughmen? It is true indeed, here and there one may meet with a curious Thought, or fine Saying; but I should be glad to know what Relation those things he there makes such a pother and stir about, have to the Muses, or to Poetry. I speak not this to lessen the Reputation of Virgil in the least, for there is no one more ready to render Tribute where it is due, than my self; and I often make mention of Virgil in this following Essay, as an Ornament to my Discourse. I say, it is not with any Design to detract from his just Worth, that makes me here thus to speak of him, (for undoubtedly he was a Celebrated Wit amongst the Romans, and may pass for a considerable Poet now-a-days) but only with an intention that Men should not talk so unbecomingly fond of the Shadow and Image of a dead Poet, and to make Virgil the Standard of Wit, when we have two such Favourites of the Muses continually before our eyes; I mean, a Dryden and a Congreve: And how much soever some People may be enamour'd with this Mantuan Poet, I will here be bold to affirm, that that Great Youngman (Mr. Congreve) has in his Pastoral Alexis upon the Death of the Late Queen, evidenced himself to the World, to have a sufficient degree and quantity of unmingled Fire and pure Rapture of the Poet (as well as a Correctness of Thought and Felicity of Expression) to constitute Ten Virgils, nay, and enough to spare to furnish out a Theocritus.

I am informed Mr. Dryden is now Translating of Virgil; and although I must own, it is a Fault to forestall or anticipate the Praise of a Man in his Labours; yet, big with the Greatness of the Work, and the vast Capacity of the Author, I cannot here forbear saying, that Mr. Dryden, in the Translating of Virgil will of a certain make Maro speak better than ever Maro thought. Besides those already mentioned, there are other Ingredients and essential parts of Poetry, necessary for the forming of a truly great and happy Genius, viz. a free Air and Spirit, a vigorous and well-govern'd Thought, which are as it were the Soul, which inform and animate the whole mass and body of Verse. But these are such Divine Excellencies as are peculiar only to the Brave and the Wise. The first Chief in Verse who trod in this sweet and delightful path of the Muses, was the Renowned Earl of Roscommon, a great Worth as well as a great Wit, and who is in all respects resembled by another great Lord of this present Age, viz. my Lord C-----ts; a Person whom all People

## THE PROEM

ple must allow to be an accomplish'd Gentleman, a great General, and a fine Poet.

The two Elaborate Poems of Blackmore and Milton, the which, for the dignity of them, may very well be looked upon as the two grand Exemplars of Poetry, do either of them exceed, and are more to be valued, than all the Poets both of the Romans and the Greeks put together. There are two other incomparable pieces of Poetry; viz. Mr. Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, and the Epistle of a known and celebrated Wit to my Lord of Dorset, the best Judge in Poetry, as well as the best Poet; the Tutelar Numen o' th' Stage, and on whose Breath all the Muses have their Dependance.

Howsoever some People in their slavish Opinions may be wedded to a Satyrick Poet, yet inasmuch as in a Mistress I should prefer a clear Complexion with a placid and serene Countenance, before a coarser Skin with a compounded Air and Look; so should I prefer the soft Muse of Catullus before that of the less smooth Horace. And as I conceive the Excellency of Verse to consist in being free and easie, and the whole matter thereof duely sustained by a well-temper'd Thought; so do I not know any that may or can reasonably be thought to have given a greater Instance of these so admirable Endowments of the Humane Soul than the two above-mentioned Wits, Mr. Dryden and Mr. M—gue. And as there are some secret Airs and Beauties in a Face which neither the Poet or the Painter can draw or express; so is there in these two Wits such beautiful Strokes and delicate Touches in Poetry, which though they be obvious to every eye, yet do they infinitely surpass all manner of Expression.

It is not out of any Vanity in my self, that I have made mention of these great Names, and admired Sons of the Muses; but, only with an Intention to undeceive the minds of Men in that fruitless Opinion which they are so very willing to indulge concerning the dark Poets of the more Ancient Times, when that we have so many better and refined Wits of our own, as (besides those afore-mentioned) a Cowley, a Waller, a Creech, a Stepney, a Prior, &c.

And now, I presume, it is high time that I should say something concerning this following Essay, and so conclude.

At the first I intended to insert this Essay among several others; but afterwards considering with my self, how that the Subject-matter of it differed from all the rest, I thought it more convenient to offer it to the Publick separate and apart by it self.

I must



# THE PROLOGUE.

I must confess, it is with great Disadvantage that I here appear to the World; and for the Writing of a thing of this Nature, none is so unfit as my self: for what with my own Inability, together with a forc'd Retirement from Society, (and whereas doubtless a well chosen Conversation does add to, and improve the Mind as well as the Man) I have often since revolv'd in my Thoughts, how I could ever have been able to have comprehended Matters of so raised and abstract a nature.

The more soft and tender the Subject is, the more does it lie liable to Censure, and, as any little Disorder or Fault in a beautiful Face, is sooner discovered and found out. A Flaw in a Jewel or precious Stone, is more discernible than in those of a less clear Nature, and which we commonly call false ones: but however, I have avoided, as much as possible I could, the falling into any great and considerable Mistakes; and as for those Errors of a smaller degree (for whilst we carry about us a Body of Flesh no Man can be entirely exempt from the same) I am satisfied within my self, that the Wise and the Ingenious are more ready to pardon, than the Ignorant and the Foolish to condemn.

To say anything in Defence of this Pastoral Discourse, is what I shall not attempt; for Innocence at all times knows best how to plead her own Cause. And therefore whatever Reception this Essay may meet with from the World, all that I shall add or say more upon this Account, is

As twas John Lacy did Reform the Stage,  
So my Attempt is, to Reform the Age.

\* See the Prologue to the Rehearsal, by the Duke of Buckingham.

And now, I presume, it is high time that I should say something in this following Essay, and so conclude.

THE

As the first I intended to insert the Essay among several others; but afterwards considering with my self, how that the Subject-matter of it differed from all the rest, I thought it more convenient to offer it to the Publick separate and apart by it self.

# THE THOUGHT:

In which is set forth

The Agreeableness of a *Pastoral* Life according  
to the Idea of the *ANCIENTS*.

Together with

## Some Brief REFLEXIONS

ON

## Pastoral VERSE.

As also an

## ELEGY

Upon the

## Death of the Late Queen.

**H**O W sweet, how pleasant, is a *Pastoral* Life! how free from  
Care and Trouble does the peaceful Shepherd live! whose  
Life is a continued course of *Virgin* Innocence and true Feli-  
city. When *Phæbus* gently shoots forth his radiant Beams,  
clearing the Passage for the Day, then does the waking Shepherd, quit-  
ting soft Sleep and balmy Slumbers, haste to his tender Flock, who  
whilst they in the verdant Mead securely graze, and no ravenous Wolf  
is nigh, then does he, leaning on his Crook, muse on the wondrous

C

Frame

And howsoever some evil-dispos'd Persons, through the corruption of their Nature, and depravity of their Manners, may have altered the happy and peaceful state of Man, as well as the ancient way and manner of living, from its original Innocence and primitive Simplicity and Truth; yet, as it informs the Animal Spirits with joy, and raiseth a pleasure in the mind, in looking upon a Landskip when the Lines are delicately drawn, and the Figures truly and lively represented; so likewise to a curious and discerning Mind, it must necessarily afford a very pleasing Idea; when with a clear and uninterrupted Thought, he reflects and considers with himself, on the happy Condition of Man ere Violence and Discord sprung up in the World; ere the Use of Arms were known, and Wars begun; when Men enjoyed the Fruits of the Earth in common, and as the Poets mention, when Men and Women were Shepherds and Shepherdesses; for according to them, ere Ambition rais'd in the Mind of Man high Thoughts and strong Desires, so that every one began to build a small Hut or Cottage for himself, which by little and little they multiplied and encreas'd into Villages, and from Villages to Towns, and so on to great Cities and large States; both Men and Women pleas'd and delighted themselves in the happy Tranquillity of a Pastoral Life (a manner of Living easie and contemplative, void of anxious Thoughts or disturbing Care) who with their Flocks used to pass in certain numbers through the pleasant Vales and verdant Meads, fixing themselves for a while, in those places where the fruitful Earth did afford the richest Pasture; and not far from some limpid Stream, or boiling Spring, where the tender Lamb panting with Heat, and the Ewe labouring with Young, might in a hot Summers-day repair to cool, and allay their inward Heat. All which is express'd by *Virgil en une manniere touchante*.

*Tityre, lum redco, brevis est via pascu capellae.*  
*Et potum pascuis age Tityre: tu mirer agendum.*  
*Ocurrere capro, cornu petio ille, caveto.*

Tit'rus,



Tirrus, till I return, it is not far,  
 Pray feed my Goats, they dry and hungry are;  
 But to the He-goat do not go too near,  
 He with his Horns will butt, of him take care.

Whence we may observe how in times of old, that even in the very  
 Heecy-kind, (if I may so say) there was a degree of Innocence superi-  
 our to what it now enjoys; for that then the mild Lamb wou'd familiarly  
 take its Food, and the lusive Goat its Drink, out of the hand of the  
 Happy Shepherd; the winning Humour of which fond and innocent  
 Creature, made the loving and indulgent *Melibæus*, utter himself in this  
 so moving, so melting an Expression, to his beloved Flock and sportive  
 Kids:

*Itæ meæ, felix quondam pecus, itæ capellæ:  
 Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro,  
 Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.  
 Carmina nulla canam: non me pascente capella  
 Florentem Cytisum, & salices carpetis amaras.*

Farewel, my Goats; adieu, my happy Flock;  
 No more you browsing on a shrubby Rock  
 Shall I afar, on bank recline, behold;  
 No more shall I enclose you in the Fold;  
 Nor shall I sing whilst the fond Kid does feed  
 Out of my hands on Sallows of the Mead,  
 Or blooming Cithyrisus where'er 't shall need.

The Woods, the Groves, and the Fountains, were the Places where  
 the Nymphs used to disport and recreate themselves, for that their ten-  
 der Bodies not being able to endure the parching Beams of the Sun, made  
 them the rather frequent those Places where they pass the Day in inno-  
 cent and harmless Mirth, in singing their Songs to *Venus* and to *Love*:  
 and if there was any Shepherd more amorously inclin'd, and more jocund  
 than the rest; that was touched with the Charms of a fair Nymph, he ob-  
 serving both Time and Decency, was permitted to make his Address,  
 and disclose his Love: and doubtless, the Flame of Love in those Days  
 must have been more pure and bright than now; for certainly, as the  
 Thoughts and Desires of Men, became more and more viciated and cor-  
 rupted, so must the engaging force of real and sincere Love want Wings  
 to soar to its Original and Primitive height of Innocence and Truth.

But now when *Luna* did begin to mount her starry Orb, and that an  
 Universal Silence reigned throughout Nature, still as the chaste Night,  
 and peaceful as the kindling Day, or early Lamp of Morn; then did the  
 Lovely Nymph gently lay down her tender Body to rest, on some soft  
 cool mossy Bank; to which Nature had bestowed a favourable Umbrage  
 which serv'd as a Fence to the Nymph, to secure her from the violent  
 Heat of the Sun by Day, and from the moist and humid Dews by Night.  
 Close by this mossy Bank there glided a grateful Spring, the murmur-  
 ing Noise of which, if of her self the Nymph were not inclin'd, wou'd  
 naturally

naturally dispose her wandring Thoughts to Rest, and charm her waking Eyes to Sleep; and here in delightful Slumbers the beauteous Nymph in a loose Dress, her white Arms being carelessly thrown by her side, and the wanton Tresses of her Golden Locks hanging in various Annulets o'er her Ivory Neck, wou'd securely pass the Night, void of approaching Dangers or affrighting Dreams. Oh happy and blessed State of Innocence! when to Woman Blushes were unknown, and Vice to Man.

The Poets, through the heat and strength of Phanſie, have made almost an endless number of Gods; insomuch, that amongst the Heathens there scarcely any Wood, Grove, Fountain, or Spring, but was under the Tutelage or Protection of some God or Nymph: *Faunus* the Son of *Picus* a King of *Italy*, was the Father of *Sylvanus*, from whom descended the Sylvan Gods and the Satyrs; the *Oreades* are the Nymphs of Mountains; the *Dryades* Nymphs of Forests and Woods; the *Hamadryades* are the particular Nymphs of which every one being born with some Tree of the Forest or Wood, died also at the same time with it; the *Nereides* are the Nymphs of the Sea; the *Napeæ* are the Nymphs of Pastures and of Flowers; the *Nayides* of Rivers; the *Ephidryades* of Fountains; and the *Lymniades* of standing Waters and of Pools.

But to pass by these things, I must in the next place acquaint you, that there were certain particular Groves into which the Nymphs (when tired with the Pipe of *Daphnis* or Song of *Menalcas*) used to withdraw, where they enjoyed themselves with a thousand pretty Divertisements agreeable to the Fineness of their Tempers and Delicacy of their Dispositions; amongst whom were no Jarrs, no private Fewsds, but still every one endeavoured to divert and please each other.

And that there might not be any thing wanting to compleat their Happiness, here stood in these Groves Fountains, whose clear and silver Streams invited the Nymphs to refresh and bath themselves; to which Places there was paid so great and sacred a Reverence, that as *Callimachus* relates, it was ordained by the Religious Laws o'th' Fates, as no less than Death for any one to presume to enter therein, nay, though it was accidentally or unawares: the Truth of which doth eminently appear in the dismal Story of poor *Alteon*, who though he came undesignedly, and as his Sport led him, to that part of the Forest where *Diana* was washing her self, and that he dared to behold a Goddess naked, was immediately thereupon turned into a Stag, and devoured by his own Hounds.

Now though the Nymphs could secure themselves from Man, yet could they not oppose Heaven, or were they able to withstand the Almighty Power of an *Ethnick* Deity; for *Jove* wou'd often come thundring from the Clouds (the which bred no small Heat between him and *Juno*) and put the fair Nymphs into such a Fright and Disorder, that one in distracted manner ran this way, another that way, and some with their Hair dischevelled o'er their naked Necks, with their nimble Feet wou'd cut the yielding Air; whilst others, whose tender Bodies were not able to endure the Flight by reason of the pressure

sure of the Thorns upon their curious Limbs, were forced to remain a Prey to *Jove*. And now lest you should think I had lost my Shepherd in the Wood; I shall, leaving the God and Nymph together, return to him again.

To describe the real Happiness of a Shepherd in all his genuine and native Innocence and Lustre, is what I shall not dare to attempt; it being a matter, I confess, far above my Capacity and Reach: But as to the outward Shew and Person of a Shepherd, how contemptible soever he may be now a-days amongst Men, yet, believe me, in former times Shepherds were no such mean Persons: for, as the *Jewish* \* Historian relates, there were Shepherds *Kings* of *Egypt*, who ruled in a certain Succession for the space of 500 Years. Neither does it add a little to the Character of the Person I am here treating of, to tell you, that the first Founders of *Rome* were Shepherds: Likewise the two Elder-Brothers of Humane Race, who by their early Birth might in some measure be thought to claim a nearer Affinity and Relation to Heaven than the rest of Mankind, were the one a Keeper of Flocks, and the other a Tiller of the Ground: *Jacob*, Father of the Twelve Tribes of *Israel*, was for the space of 20 Years Keeper of the Flocks of *Laban*; and the great Care and Diligence which *Jacob* all along observed, made him to Expostulate with *Laban* his Father-in-law after this manner, *Thou hast F, in the Day the Draught consumed me, and the Frost by Night, and my Sleep departed from mine eyes*: the which severe Penance (so forcible is Love) poor *Jacob* patiently underwent, out of his hearty Affection to his long-courted Mistress *Rachel*. *Moses*, that great Law-giver to the *Jews*, contented himself in the happy Tranquillity of a Pastoral Life; for in the Book of *Exodus*, chap. 3. we find how that *Moses* kept the Flock of *Jethro* his Father-in-law, the Priest of *Midian*, and he led the Flock to the Back-side of the Desert, and came to the Mountain of God even to *Horeb*, and where, as it is in the following Verse, the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him. *David*, the Royal Prophet, was chosen by *Samuel* from all his Brethren to be King of *Israel*, and accordingly Anointed, though but a Keeper of Sheep. And if we may be allowed to magnifie small Things by others of a yet lesser nature, † *Justin*, from being a Swineherd came to be Emperour of *Rome*. And likewise the good old *Amos*, to whom God Almighty vouchsafed in a special manner to communicate himself, was an Herdsman in *Tekoa*, and a Gatherer of Sycamore-fruit. From all which Examples it doth sufficiently, I presume, appear, that a Shepherd is no such abject Person as the World wou'd generally make him pass for. But farther, not to omit any thing which might raise the Character of my Shepherd to its just height, That there is something of I know not what which is transcendently great and noble, if not divine, in the humble State and Character of a Shepherd, is what every Person may easily believe, without offering the least force or violence to his Judgment, when he shall cast an eye, and behold the amazing, the astonishing Love of God to Man, *John* 10. where the Great Redeemer of the World condescends to veil himself under the Person of a Shepherd, saying, *Verse 11, I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his Life for the Sheep*. And again, *Ver. 14, I am the good Shepherd, and know my Sheep, and am known of mine*.

\* *Joseph.*  
cmr. *Ap.*  
lib. 2.

† *Steid. de*  
*quar. Mon.*  
lib. 2.



Not that I think Shepherds handsomer or better shaped Persons than the rest of Mankind; that I admire them so much; but it is the many excellent Virtues, and *Celestial* Endowments of a *Primitive* Shepherd with which I am so much taken: And indeed, ever since that fatal minute in which *Adam* eat of the Forbidden Fruit (the Cause of the Privation of Original Innocence) and for a bit of *Apple* entail'd an everlasting Curse upon Humane Race, the Thoughts and Inclinations of Man have been altogether estranged from their native Innocence and Truth; nay, to such a height of Sin and Iniquity are Men grown, that those things which seem to carry in them the nearest Resemblance to the Perfection of Humane Nature, and of Primitive Simplicity and Truth, are look'd upon as mean and despicable. But alas! things derive not their Excellency from our rude and wild Opinions, but from their own innate and intrinsick Goodness and Worth: for, how low, how mean a Conception soever some impious Wretches may have of Virtue, and though wicked Men, through their evil Actions, may seem to upbraid and bid Defiance to Heaven, yet Virtue will be Virtue, and Heaven will be Heaven still.

I conceive it will not be taken amiss, if I here offer to your view the great Use and Benefit which necessarily follows upon a just and adequate Idea of the Agreeableness of a *Pastoral* Life according to the Sentiments of the Ancients: to which end, give me leave to tell you, that since the ultimate Intent and Purport of Humane Life is to fit and prepare the Soul for the more bright Regions of Eternity, and the blessed Society of Saints, how then can the Mind better acquire to it self matter of exquisite thought, than by a due and serious Contemplation of the Scene of Affairs, and of things in the first State of Innocence, before Woman err'd in Thought or Man in Act, when Men were equally as much estrang'd from Vice as now they're free from Virtue. If the Charms of a fair Lady in this laps'd State can have so large an Influence o'er the Mind of Man as we continually see it has, then what Ravishments, what Transports of Joy, and what an immeasurable degree of Love must a virtuous Mind conceive when it shall frame to its self an Idea of Beauty in the blest State of Innocence, ere Sin broke in upon, and bereft it of its Glory; and when Woman differed from Angels not so much in Thought, as in the Garb and Vesture of the Soul. It is not that I wou'd have Men turn Shepherds, and lead inglorious Lives among the Shades, that makes me thus to commend the state of things in the Golden Age; no, it is not the outward Form of the Person that I here admire, but it is the interior Virtue and Divine Graces of the Soul: and verily, if Men wou'd seriously set themselves to consider on the happy Condition of Man in the State of Innocence, or Golden Age, and so by their Actions endeavour in some degree and measure to resemble the same, it wou'd be a certain Preservative against all the Troubles and Inconveniences of Life; and an assured means to clear up and dispel those Clouds that darken the Senses; yea it wou'd in a great measure brighten the Phantasie, and exalt the Soul.

*Pastorals* are generally allowed by the Searchers into Antiquity (and more particularly by *Scaliger*) to be of the same ancient Date and Standing with the World: and if we shall consult the sacred Oracles of revealed Light, it will be no hard Buiness to find, how that in the Beginning

Men

Men were either Shepherds or Followers of the Plough: nay, to go higher, and that I may make some Impresses on your Mind of Original Innocence, I do verily believe Adam was more knowing and skilful in the Art of Gardening than the best *Hortists* of France or Italy; and as Adam planted in *Paradise*, it is but reasonable to believe, that Eve watered the Flowers of *Eden*.

The Agreeableness of a Pastoral Life doth in some measure appear by what I have already said: but because I will not omit any thing which may contribute to your Satisfaction in this matter, I shall crave your Patience to dilate a little farther upon this Discourse; so that I may the better draw to your view all the Colours of this *Pastoral Essay* into their most proper and advantageous Light.

That which gave a Birth and Origine to the Discourse I am now upon, was certain Thoughts which I entertained within my self concerning the blessed Condition and Happiness of Man ere Sin took possession of the Soul, and fixed it self in our Nature. *Lactantius* saith, *Quamque beatus esset, quamque aureus humanarum rerum status si per totum orbem mansuetudo, & pietas, & pax, & innocentia, & equitas, & temperantia, & fides, moraretur denique ad regendos homines non opus esset tam multis, & tam variis legibus, cum ad perfectam innocentiam Dei lex una sufficeret.* And although by reason of the Corruption of our Will, and Sinfulness of our Affections, it is morally impossible for us ever to arrive to this peaceful State or Degree of Perfection; yet, as it mutually excites both the Passions of Joy and Grief in beholding the Picture of a deceased Friend or Mistress, when by the due Temperament and Mixture of the Colours the exquisite Artist hath happily shewn forth the Serenity of her Mind, the Loveliness of her Complexion, the beauteous Symetry of her Features, together with all the resplendent Graces of her Face; so the Fall of Man from his first State of Innocence, when duly considered overspreads the mind with sad and melancholly Reflections: and on the other, the Happiness of Man by the renewed State of Grace, furnisheth the Soul with many a pleasing rapturous Idea, which receive Improvement from every vertuous and ingenious Mind. But not to keep your Thought too long in suspense, That which in the Infancy of the World rendered a *Pastoral* Life so grateful and pleasant, was the Purity of the *Aether*, the Serenity of the Heavens, the Calmness of the Air, when on all sides the different Aspects of things and *Phænomena* did as it were sing and proclaim an Eternal Spring. There was then no boisterous Storms, no troublesome Winds, or incommodious Rains; and if the Influence of the Sun's Rays were at any time too excessive, Art and Nature had contrived such refreshing Shades and cooling *Grotto's*, that no Tongue is able to express the Beauties thereof; and which were yet so much the more to be admired, inasmuch as they were the delightful Mansions of the Gods and Nymphs: *Virgil* says,

----- Gods in Woods resort,  
Amidst the Groves was Dardan Paris Coyne.

In those Halcyon Days Nature seemed as if she took a Becoming Pride in her self, and Heaven no less a Delight in looking down and beholding the Glory of the Earth. There was then diffused throughout the whole Race of Mankind an Unanimity of Thought, and Steadiness of Mind; there was then no Pickeringings, no Animosities, no private Quarrels, no Fallings out; but on the contrary, in those Days of Bliss there was in all Matters, a ready Compliance one with another. Innocence, at that time, had no Knowledge of Guile, neither had Envy nor Hatred taken any Root in the Heart of Man; but Love ruled the Thoughts, and Love altogether disposed the Actions of those thrice happy Persons. And now if bare wishing could do the Business, who would not wish to make one of these.

The Carriage and Behaviour of one Shepherd to another had such a degree of Love and Tenderness in it, as exceeds that of the most passionate Lovers, and which will admit of no Comparison. *Virgil*, in the Ninth Eclogue of his *Bucolics*, hath elegantly exprest under the Person of *Lycidas* to his Fellow-Shepherd *Moris*, that which comes the nearest to it of any thing I know; where *Lycidas* utters himself in this familiar and endearing Strain:

*Heic, ubi densas  
Agricole stringunt frondes, heic Moris, canamus:*

*Heic Hædus depascitur: tamen invenimus in Urbem,*

*Aut si non pluviam ne colligat ante veremur,*

*Castantes licet usque, minus via ledet, canis:*

*Castantes ut ramus, ego hoc se fasce levabo.*

\* Here where they strip the verdant Boughs lets bide.

Here let us sing: here lay our Kids aside;

Betimes we'll Mantua reach; and if you fear

Th' Evening should gather Rain ere we come there,

Singing, let a go, the Way shall better please:

That we may sing, thee of thy Load I'll ease.

If any thing had run counter to the Will and Inclination of any of these happy Shepherds, or that any Misfortune had fallen them in their Flocks, their Concern for any Loss they ever met with never changed the settled Composure of their Mind, but they still enjoyed the same continued Happiness of Thought and Peace within their Breast, as before; and all the Disorder they at any time shewed or exprest, was such as Blushing Virgins do when that you provoke and press too much upon the Gentleness of their Nature; in reference to which, I cannot forbear reciting in how sweet, how moving, and how patherical a manner *Melibæus* expresth the Trouble in which he was involved.

*Non equidem invideo miror magis undique totis*

*Usque adeo turbatur agris, En ipse capellas*

*Prostinus ego ego hanc etiam vix Tityre duco.*

*Heic inter densas corvylas modo nantque gemellos*

*Spem gregis ah! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.*

\* I envy



such as *I chury not, but wonder th' art so blest,* \* Ogilby.

Since all with Sequestrations are oppress'd.

Hence I must drive my Goats, fainting with wo,

And this, Dear Tityrus, will hardly go;

For Twins she yearn'd, the Hope of my poor Flock,

Among thick Hazles, on a barren Rock.

The Life of a Shepherd was an active State of Innocence, heightened and improved to the utmost pitch of Happiness of Thought; and so great a degree of Bliss and Truth attended the State and Condition of those Persons, that they lived unacquainted with the vexatious Disasters of Chance or the uncertain Vicissitudes of Time: nothing but the powerful hand of Fate it self could move or shake the divine Soul and peaceful Breast of a *Primitive* Shepherd: And, in a word, when the length of the Day, and indulgence to their Flock, would permit, they used to dedicate some hours to the Honour of their God *Pan*, by playing on the well-tuned Pipe, or else by singing alternate Verse, the Delight of the Muses. And now that I have drawn in Miniature to you the Agreeableness of a *Pastoral* Life, I shall therefore come to the last thing I propos'd; that is, in making some brief Reflexions on *Pastoral* Verse.

Whoever shall be so bold as to attempt the writing of *Pastoral*, must have some share of *Prometheus's* Fire, or at least a Genius exceedingly refined in all its Parts; and so exquisite an Art is there required for the composing of *Pastorals*, that there is but two among all the Ancients, viz. *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, who have acquired to themselves any considerable Character in this kind of Verse.

The Grand Design of *Poetry* in General, consists not only in the disposal of the Mind into a calm and serene Frame, whereby to render it more capable of its ordinary Functions, and in charming the *Chagrins* of the Soul by its Harmony, and all the Graces of Expression, but yet much more by purifying the Manners by its good Instructions: *Quelle fait profession de donner al' homme*, as saith that *Prodigy* of a Man and Miracle of this Age, Monsieur *Rapin*. Now if this be the ultimate Intent of Poetry, as surely I take it to be, then how can we better elevate the Senses, or raise in the Mind so clear, so perfect an *Idea* of Virtue and Innocence in all her Native Beauty and Virgin Attire, as by *Pastorals*? The Springs of Thought do then move more regular and uniform by how much the more the Soul, in its Operations, is freed and disentangled from the Body. And this is the supreme Excellency of *Pastoral*, so to decypher and paint things to us in their natural and genuine Colours, that they may gain and win upon the Mind by raising it to the highest Sublimity and pitch of Perfection that Mortality can bear. *Heroick Poetry* may serve to animate Kings and Princes in the Achievements of great and generous Actions, and to enflame the Hearts of Heroes with a lasting Desire of Glory and Retown. But *Pastorals* do mollify the Passions, and quell all the storms and fury of the Mind; procuring to the Soul a *Paradise* of Thoughts and a Heaven of Desires.

There is no sort of Poetry but what hath its proposed End or Mark, to which it chiefly directs its force and power; and of all the different

Species thereof (as I have partly hinted to you before) there is none that comes so near to the Perfection of Humane Nature, and which furnish the Mind with such moving and agreeable *Ideas* as *Pastoral*. It is by this kind of Poetry that we reach Paradise, and the first State of Innocence. *Apollo*, in this sort of Verse, can afford us but little help; and Original Innocence was long before the Birth of the Muses. The Soul then in *Pastoral* Verse is the only Muse we are to consult with; and which, according to its natural Refinement, or improved State of Perfection, will represent to the Mind a proportionable degree of Thought or Matter, wherewith we may compose a more or less beautiful Poem.

*Pastoral*, which is the most nice and tender part of Poetry, ought to be managed with all the Exactness and Delicacy imaginable; for in Writing of *Pastoral*, the Soul doth as it were take a Flight from the Body; and by its Felicity of Thought, in some measure, seems as if it were in its real and proper Sphere of Activity and Delight. The Beauty of all kind of Poetry in general, and more especially that of this in particular, consists in an Exactness of Thought, a Melody of Words, a Harmony of Expressions, an Evenness of Numbers, a Sweetness of Cadence, where the Lines of Verse, like to the Strings of a well-tuned Lute, do all mutually correspond and answer the one to the other.

To the end that we may arrive to any considerable degree of Excellency herein, there is required a Perfection in the Soul, a due Knowledge of the Passions, a Fineness of Wit, a Clearness of Thought, a Steadiness of Judgment, and a peculiar Air and Softness of Expression which alone belongs to this kind of Poetry: the latter of which, *Virgil* has Masterly set forth in his first Eclogue; for, after that he had made *Meliboeus* and *Tityrus* to discourse for some considerable time very lovingly together, and interchangeably to impart their Thoughts, *Meliboeus* desiring to take his Leave, and be gone, was importuned by *Tityrus*, as a good natured and hospitable Shepherd, to stay and repose that Night with him in his *Bower*, telling him in these Words:

*Hic tamen hanc mecum poterat requiescere noctem*  
*Fronde super Viridi: sunt nobis mitia pomae,*  
*Castanea molles, & pressi copia lactis.*  
*Es jam summa procul Villarum culmina fumant,*  
*Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus Umbrae.*

Which I have presumed to imitate thus:

Here in this Bow'r with me you may repose;  
 This Night your Company I wish to lose.  
 Soft are my Chestnuts, and my Apples good,  
 And I have store of Cheese, all dairy Food.  
 The Night draws on; come, please, with me stay,  
 It's better much, to travel in the Day.

Where are two things which offer themselves to our view; first, the Entertainment; secondly, the Approach of the Evening: both which, *Tityrus* makes use of as an Inducement to stay *Meliboeus*. His Apples and

Nuts

Nuts are a Banquet proper to those times; but then when he comes to a great deal of Cheese, that quite breaks the Complement: for tho Cheese may agree well enough with the Stomach of a Shepherd *now-a-days*, yet cannot we reasonably think it should do so with a *Primitive* one; besides, the *Nymphs* and Shepherds did all equally partake of the same Cheer: and who can believe that the delicate Palates of the *Nymphs* should be able to relish so coarse a Food as Cheese. *Virgil* nevertheless may very well be excus'd in this matter; for though I may have an Eye to things long before the Muse of *Virgil*, viz. in the State of Innocence, or Golden Age; yet *Virgil* suits and adapts his Verse to the times in which he lived, or at least but a little before; and verily when there was Goatherds, Neatherds, and other such Persons, of rough Make, it is natural enough to ascribe such Food for their Sustenance.

The Powers of the Mind (so imperfect is Humane Nature) become weak and languid under any Subject which requires any considerable degree of Thought and Intention. And indeed this is the Rock which the Poets split upon in Writing of *Rational*; they either want a clear and adequate Idea of the Sublimity of the Subject, or else they err in raising the State of Innocence, and the things contained therein, to that just degree and pitch of Perfection as they in themselves do truly and necessarily require. *Moses* and *Balaam* may afford us some fine Touches and delicate Strokes in *Rational*; yet *Theocritus* is the only Original in this kind of Poetry, all the rest being but Copies after him. Nevertheless, not to pretermitt this Darling Poet of the Rural Nymphs, without urging something farther concerning him. That *Theocritus* (gaining the Ascendant of the rest of Mankind) is altogether free from Corruption, I presume no discerning and judicious Critick will think fit to maintain. My self, to avoid being prolix upon this account, shall observe to you (as what I look upon as an Error in this Poet) only one passage in his Eighth *Idyllium*, where *Daphnis* and *Menalcas* singing for a Wager, the former tells the latter, that let him pipe untill he bursts, he pipes as well: Which as it shews but little Modesty in an Age when it seem'd most to have flourish'd; so is it likewise inconsistent with the Urbanity of Temper as is generally appropriated to such persons as he there alludes to. But however, to reconcile this matter the best we can, it will not be beside the Mark to consider how that *Theocritus* was a person of low Extract and mean Birth, rais'd from nothing, meerly by the Countenance and Favour of the Muses. So that what I here object against him, ought not to be look'd upon as a Fault solely in the Poet; but, rather, as the Misfortune of an unhappy and ill-bred Education. And now methinks the extensive Powers of the Mind are stretched and dilated with a strong and vigorous Idea of some poor, dull, unthinking, and scarce animated Clods, with Head upheld, and Brains unfathomable, moving like Machines upon their Mother Earth. And wou'd you think it? here's Pride even in all this Emptiness! whereas on the contrary, those of a generous Off-spring and Noble Blood (by its missive Fire from Heaven, and immanative Ray of Divinity impregnated in the Teeming Womb) the Sensations of the Soul being modified by Organs more refined, have clear another Thought, and quite another Air. But not to offend Modesty, the

Theme



Theme of my Discourse, or put Innocence to the Blush, I shall here hold back the loosened Reins of an almost ungovernable Thought occasioned by a sudden heat of Phansie raised in the Mind by a reflex Act, on the pitiful state and condition of an unintelligible kind of crude, lumpish, and indigested heap of walking Animals, proud of their Reason, though scarce capable of Thought.

That we may be able to give any tolerable Judgment in *Pastoral*, the Traces of the Mind ought (almost in as high a measure) to be prepared for the conception of things in the Golden Age, as the Soul is self for Prayer. It is not every Low-flier in Poetry, or small Pretender to Wit or Sense, that is qualified for the shewing forth of the Beauty of things in the State of Innocence. In a word, Folly and dull Thought, the two common Seisures of the Brain, incapacitate a Person either for Judging or Thinking well of matters of this kind.

All the Remains we have of the State of Innocence, is that Happiness of Thought, and Tranquility of Mind which does assuredly arise to every sensible and thinking Person upon a due management of himself and his Affairs in a Country-Seat remote from the Noise and Hurry of the Town, where Nature, at certain Seasons of the Year, appears altogether in as charming a dress, in as much Pomp and Splendour as ever she did to our first Parents in the Garden of Eden. Not but that I believe People may be very virtuous, though living in the Town; yet however the Mind of Man, in the Country, is more free and quiet from disturbing Thoughts, since almost every different Face and Appearance of things is but as a new and more lively Representation of Innocence in her best Looks and native Complexion, and habits proportionable to the Object, does, by a more or less melting power of its Beauty, continually promote and raise new matter of Delight to the Soul. But now, not to weary out your patience, I shall here give the last finishing stroke to this *Essay*.

In this *Pastoral* Discourse I have all along endeavour'd to lay before you some pleasing Idea of Virtue, by the means of which, if it were possible, to draw and allure the Mind of Man to a Delight of that which is only capable of rend'ring the Troubles of Life easy in this World, and the Soul eternally happy hereafter.

And now, since the Country seems as if it was design'd on purpose by Heaven for the ennobling of the Soul, and the improvement of the Mind; I shall therefore sum up all which I have said in two Lines,

*Happy the Man blest in a Virtuous Wife,  
When both agree to lead a Country-Life.*

A PASTORAL

A PASTORAL  
ELEGY

ON THE  
Death of the Late Queen.

By the Honourable EDWARD HOWARD.

W Hilst *Lycidas*, compos'd to Rest, did lye,  
And the Admiring Herd! all standing by;  
From an unusual Dream he did awake,  
And in this manner, to himself did speak.

A dismal Horror, now invades the Plain,  
An awful Silence in all Parts does reign:  
The Sun hence seems for to withdraw his Light;  
Nor doth he by his bounteous warmth delight  
These blest Retreats; where Gods and Nymphs would play,  
Passing, in Acts of Love, the peaceful Day:  
The wondring Flock with lifted Head does gaze  
On ev'ry side, profoundly in amaze.  
The Verdant Meads do neither look so gay  
Nor pleasant as they did the other Day.  
The Birds, the warbling Choristers o' th' Air,  
Forget their Notes, and, as if wing'd with Fear,  
Leave their soft Nests, to mount the warty Sphere.  
The Moon t' *Eridymmon* not faithful is,  
Nor does she come by Night to steal a Kiss.  
The troubled Streams do not so smoothly flow,  
Nor do the Rivers now their Courses go,  
Ev'n our mild *Thames* does her own Banks overflow.

Then

F

Nothing

## A Pastoral ELEGY.

Nothing in Nature, to its Kind proves true;  
The Kid forsakes the Goat, the Lamb the Ewe.  
As it was wont, nothing appears so bright;  
And Day does scarcely interpose the Night.  
Sure Heav'n it self, with Man is much displeas'd;  
Whilst Nature grieves, and struggles to be eas'd.

Much on the Cause, the troubled Swain did muse!  
Wav'ring in Thought, no certain Cause cou'd chuse,  
Which had this mighty Change in Nature wrought,  
Beyond whatever the Ancient Sibyls taught.  
Sometimes he did conceive, that *Am* was dead;  
Or, that with *Juno*, *Jove* had parted Bed.  
*Adonis* Fate, then rais'd his Fears again;  
Lest a wild Boar, some tender Nymph had slain.  
Wearied in boundless Thought, the Shepherd was;  
To ease his Mind, he laid him on the Grass:  
But ere soft Slumbers had clos'd up his Eyes,  
A Nymph unto him came, of a tall size,  
And slender shape, who in an Accent spoke,  
That might have even Death it self awoke.  
Ah me! unhappy me! no more shall I,  
The Blest *Diana*, in the Woods espy.  
Ah me! again she said; then tore her Hair;  
And from each Eye there started forth a Tear.  
Now the lov'd Goddess of the Plain is gone,  
And left her Nymphs unto themselves alone!  
What shall we do? How shall we spend the Day?  
Since she's no more, who taught us all the way.  
Ah me! again she said; then tore her Hair;  
And from each Eye there swiftly ran a Tear.  
A more indulgent Queen there cou'd not be;  
For so I'm sure, I found her unto me.  
Then did she beat her Breast, and rend her Hair;  
And from each Eye there started forth a Tear.  
With trembling Voice she to the Shepherd said,  
Why sleep'st thou here, when bright *Diana* is dead?  
And as those Words she dropt, away she fled.

Then



## A Pastoral ELEGY.

Then *Lycidas* his drowzy Head did raise,  
And thus he sung in bright *Diana's* Praise.  
No wonder Nature disregards all Laws,  
Since bright *Diana* is the fatal Cause.

Sure the Almighty hand of *Jove* took care  
To frame the Pious Queen, so Good! so Fair!  
Calm was her Breast, her Mind sedate and clear!  
Angel in Look, and Goddess in her Meen,  
Within, a Saint! without, a glorious Queen!  
The Joys of Heav'n, so well none understood;  
In Thought and Act she was immensely good.  
Whene'er she spoke, whene'er the Goddess sung,  
All was Divine that issued from her Tongue.  
Of a Seraphick Mould her Forehead was;  
In height and shape she did all Nymphs surpass.  
Her Cheeks, free of \* Love's Flames, were all Divine!  
They, *Venus* and the *Graces* did out-shine.  
Her Neck, than *Parian* Marble was more white;  
She joy'd the Senses, and did charm the Sight.  
Her ruby Lips more smooth than Coral were,  
Melting her Eyes, and negligent her Hair.  
Upon her Brow such Majesty did sit,  
As, to Reign Queen of Heav'n she seem'd more fit.

A sweet Delight did all the Place o'erspread,  
When e'er *Diana* on the Plains did tread.  
Something Divinely great, a charming Grace,  
Did shine in ev'ry Feature of her Face.

Tender o'th' Nymphs she was, so kind to all,  
That one might her both Queen and Mother call.  
What heart of Flint, or yet of Adamant,  
Can on this Goddess think, and not lament?

Its absent Queen, how will the Grove now mourn!  
Since rigid Fate admits of no Return!  
The flowing Stream, which by her side does run,  
Grows pale, like its own Governess the Moon.

*Alluding to  
the Queen's  
Terrace at  
Whitehall.*

Each

# A Pastoral ELEGY

Each springing Germ withdraws its Infant face,  
Nor with their Smiles the lonesom Grove will grace,  
But, like the Evening-Sun, they set apace.  
The Lovely Greens all pine and droop away,  
Maria gone, they will no longer stay.  
The Seat on which the beauteous Goddess sat,  
Lo, to the Mind fresh Sorrow does create.  
The Orange-Tree its fragrant Smell does lose,  
Maria Dead, does Nourishment refuse.  
The Lilly, fair as an unspotted Maid,  
The Softness of her tender Looks does fade,  
And the whole Grove in Sorrow is array'd.  
The odorous Jasmin, of Flow'rs the chief,  
Bosom-Delight o' th' Nymphs, thumping Relief,  
Melts, and dissolves away in silent Grief.  
The Myrtle too, does lean, and bend her Head,  
As if it conscious were, the **QUEEN** was dead.

Ah! Blessed **QUEEN**! why didst thou fly away?  
What! leave us all just in thy Noon of Day?  
To raise our Hopes, and then no longer stay!  
Oh! that I could Maria's Praise rehearse,  
Immortal then, like her, should be my Verse.

Weep on, you Nymphs, since now the **QUEEN**'s no more;  
You Muses Nine, Maria's Death deplore;  
Come all, and with you baleful Cypress bring;  
And at her Shrine, the blest Maria sing.

For ever Hallow'd be the sacred Ground!  
May ever Roses there encircle round,  
Where now the Chaste Diana lies at Rest,  
May no rude Noise her silent Tomb infest.

FINIS

